THE

Maids Tragedy

As it hath been divers times

ACTED

At the *Black-Friers*,

BY THE

KINGS Majesties Servants.

Written by *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*, and *JOHN FLETCHER*, Gentlemen.

The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original.

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SPEAKERS.

King.
Lysippus, *Brother to the King.*
Amintor, *a noble Gentleman.*
Euadne, *wife to* Amintor.
Melantius } *brother to* Evadne.
Diphilus }
Aspatia *troth-plight wife to* Amintor.
Calianax, *an old humorous Lord, and father to* Aspatia.
Cleon } *Gentlemen.*
Strato }
Diagoras, *a servant.*
Antiphila } *waiting Gentlewomen to* Aspatia.
Olimpius }
Dula *a Lady.*
Night }
Cynthia } *Maskers.*
Neptune }
Eolus }

The Stationers Censure.

GOod Wine requires no Bush they say,
And I, no Prologue such a Play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that Grace prefixed here.
But cease here (Censure) lest the Buyer
Hold thee in this a vain Supplier;
My office is to set it forth,
Where Fame applauds its real worth.

THE

THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Actus I. Scene. I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus.

CLEON. The reſt are making ready Sir.

Stra. So let them, there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King, my Lord, wee'l take your word.

Lyſ. Strato, thou haſt ſome skill in Poetry, What thinkſt thou of a Mask? Will it be well?

Strat. As well as Mask can be.

Lyſ. As Mask can be?

Strat. Yes, they muſt commend their King, and ſpeak in praiſe of the Aſſembly, bleſs the Bride and Bridegroom, in perſon of ſome God; th'are tyed to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd!

Lyſ. Noble *Melantius!* *Enter Melantius.*
The Land by me welcomes thy vertues home to *Rhodes*, thou that with blood abroad buyeſt us our peace; the breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods; My brother wiſht thee here, and thou art here; he will be too kind, and weary thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome above this or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thanks; but theſe ſcracht Limbs of mine have ſpoke my love and truth unto my friends, more than my tongue ere could; my mind's the ſame it ever was to you; where I find worth, I love the Keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it. *Diph.* Hail worthy Brother!
He that rejoyces not at your return
In ſafety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty;
I ſent for thee to exerciſe thine armes
With me at *Patria*: thou cam'ſt not *Diphilus*: 'Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuſe
Is my Kings ſtrict command, which you my Lord
Can witneſs with me. *Lyſ.* Tis true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the ſolemnity
Of this great match were paſt. *Diph.* have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, I have given cauſe to thoſe that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gameſome;
I have no other buſineſs here at *Rhodes*.
Lyſ. We have a mask to night,
And you muſt tread a Soldiers meaſure.
Mel. Theſe ſoft and ſilken wars are not for me;
The muſick muſt be ſhrill, and all confus'd,
That ſtirs my blood, and then I dance with armes:
But is *Amintor* wed? *Diph.* This day.
Mel. All joyes upon him, for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man ſo young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,
As often as I return'd (as without boaſt)
I brought home conqueſt, he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The vertue lay to do thoſe things he heard:
Then would he wiſh to ſee my Sword, and feel
The quickneſs of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it; he oft would make me ſmile at this;
His youth did promiſe much, and his ripe years
Will ſee it all perform'd *Enter Aſpatia,*
Melan. Hail Maid and Wife! *paſſing by.*
Thou faire *Aſpatia*, may the holy knot
That thou haſt tyed to day, laſt till the hand
Of age undo't; may'ſt thou bring a race
Unto *Amintor* that may fill the world
Succeſſively with Souldiers. *Aſp.* my hard fortunes
Deſerve not ſcorne; for I was never proud
When they were good. *Mel.* How's this *Exit Aſpatia.*
Lyſ. You are miſtaken, for ſhe is not married,
Mel You ſaid *Amintor* was. *Diph.* 'Tis true; but
Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria*, from my *Amintor*,

That

That ſhould marry her. *Diph.* And ſo it ſtood,
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then? *Lyſ.* A lady Sir
That beares the light above her, and ſtrikes dead
With flaſhes of her eye; *Evadne* your vertuous ſiſter.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them: But this is ſtrange.
Lyſ. The King my brother did it.
To honour you; and theſe ſolemnities
Are at his charge. *Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himſelf;
But I am ſad, my ſpeech bears ſo unfortunate a ſound
To beautiful *Aſpatia*; there is rage
Hid in her fathers breaſt; *Calianax*
Bent long againſt me, and he ſhould not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So baſe revenges, as to ſcorn the ſtate
Of his neglected daughter: holds he ſtill his greatneſs with the (King?
Lyſ. Yes; but this Lady
Walks diſcontented with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when ſhe ſees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, ſhe with a ſigh will tell
Her ſervants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck'em, and ſtrow her over like a Croſe.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That ſtrikes all her beholders, ſhe will ſing
The mournful'ſt things that ever ear hath heard:
And ſigh, and ſing again, and when the reſt
Of our young Ladies in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in courſe that fil the room
With laughter, ſhe will with ſo ſad a look
Bring forth a ſtory of the ſilent death
Of ſome forſaken Virgin, which her grief
Will put in ſuch a phraſe that ere ſhe end,
Shee'l ſend them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command
Like her, a face as womaniſh as hers,
But with a ſpirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years. *Enter Amintor.*
Cle.

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
Upon my foe: I love thee well *Amintor*,
My mouth is too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordred speech cuts off my love,

Amin. Thou art *Melantius*;
All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd
In safety; victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there and dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence.
What endless treasurs would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poor in words, but credit me young man,
Thy mother could no more weep, for joy to see thee
After long absence; all the wounds I have,
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cryes
Of widowed mothers: but this is peace;
And what was War? *Amin.* Pardon thou holy God
Of Marriage bed, and frown not, I am forc't
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my Wedding day,

Mel, I fear thou art grown to sick; for I hear
A Lady mourns for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what termes I know not.

Amin. She had my promise, but the King forbad it;
And made me make this worthy change, thy Sister
Accompanied with graces above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes. *Mel.* Be prosperous

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

Amin. Wee'l all attend you, we shall trouble you.
With our solemnities. *Mel.* Not so *Amintor*.
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'le do as much for you in War
When you come thither: yet I have a Mistress

To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a Miſtreſs, and ſhe has a heart,
She ſaies, but truſt me, it is ſtone, no better,
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you ſtand ſtill, and here my way lies, *Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for ſhame, you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me; why very well ſaid, by *Iove* the King will have the ſhew i'th' Court.

Diag. Why do you ſwear ſo my Lord?
You know hee'l have it here.

Cal. By this light if he be wiſe he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wiſe, you are forſworn.

Cal. One may ſwear his heart out with ſwearing, and get thanks on no ſide, I'le be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord I will never keep them out.
Pray ſtay, your looks will terrifie them.

Cal. My looks terrifie them, you coxcombly Aſs you! Ile be judged by all the company, whether thou haſt not a worſe face than I——

Diag. I mean, becauſe they know you and your Office:

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am ſure I ſweat quite through my Office I might have made room at my daughters Wedding, they had nere kild her amongſt them. And now I muſt do ſervice for him that hath forſaken her; ſerve that will. *Exit.*

Calianax.

Diag. He's ſo humorous ſince his daughter was forſaken: hark, hark, there, there, ſo, ſo, codes, codes.
What now? *Within knock within.*

Mel. Open the door, *Diag.* Who's there? *Mel. Melantius.*

Diag. I hope your Lordſhip bring sno troop with you, for if you do, I muſt return them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady Sir. *And a Lady.*

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, ſave thoſe that come in the Kings Troop, the beſt of *Rhodes* ſit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you Sir: when I have ſeen you plac'd Madam, I muſt attend the King; but the mask done, I'le wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*, pray bear back. this is no place for ſuch youths and their Truls, let the doors ſhut agen; I, do your heads itch? I'le ſcratch them for you: ſo now thruſt and hang: again, who is't now? I cannot blame my Lord

Lord *Calianax* for going away; would he were here, he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads then his own in the twinkling of an eye: what's the news now? *Within.*
I pray you can you help me to the speech of the Master Cook?

Diag. If I open the door I'le cook some of your Calvesheads.
Peace Rogues.——again,——who is't?

Mel. Melantius within, Enter Calianax to Melantius.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord a must; make room there for my Lord; is your Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes Sir, I thank you my Lord *Calianax*: well met,
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death;
She loves your friend *Amintor*, such another false-hearted Lord as you. *Mel.* You do me wrong.
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance, but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so near the presence of the King? *Mel.* I did.

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there. *Mel.* Why?

Cal. The place is kept for a woman of more worth.

Mel. More worth then she, it mis-becomes your age
And place to be thus womanish; forbear;
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsey shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety and through all, cut that poor sickly week thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay I know you can fight for your Whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be he flesh and blood,
Alyes that saies it, thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her. *Diag.* Good my Lord!

Mel. Some God pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour;
It is the curse of Soldires, that in peace
They shall be bran'd by such ignoble men,
As (if the Land were troubled) would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em, would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I have lost in fight,

Were

Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to ſay leſs, or able to maintaine,
Shouldſt thou ſay more—— This *Rhodes* I ſee is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may ſay your pleaſure. *Enter Aminter.*

Amin. What vilde injury
Has ſtirr'd my worthy friend, who is as ſlow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age which I ſhould reverence
If it were temperate; but teſty years
Are moſt contemptible. *Amin.* Good Sir forbear.

Cal. There is juſt ſuch another as your ſelf.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to loſe
Since this our match: the King is coming in,
I would not for more wealth then I enjoy,
He ſhould perceive you raging, he did hear
You were at difference now, which haſtned him.

Cal. Make room there.

Hobyes play within.

Enter King, Evadne, Aſpatia, Lords and Ladies.

King Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee ſtill; but this is not a place
To brable in; *Calianax*, joyn hands.

Cal. He ſhall not have my hand. *King.* This is no time
To force you to't, I doe love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your Office;
And you *Melantius* are welcome home; begin the Mask.

Mel. Siſter, I joy to ſee you, and your choice,
You lookt with my eyes when you took that man;
Be hapy in him. *Recorders.*

Evad. O my deareſt brother!
Your preſence is more joyful then this day can be unto me.

The Maske.

Night riſes in miſts.

Night. Our raign is come; for in the raging ſea
The Sun is drown'd, and with himſelf the day:

Bright *Cinthia* hear my voice, I am the night
For whom thou bear'ſt about thy borrowed light;
Appear, no longer thy pale viſage ſhrowd,
But ſtrike thy ſilver horn through a cloud,
And ſend a beam upon my ſwarthy face,
By which I may diſcover all the place
And perſons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our ſolemnities. *Enter Cinthia,*
How dull and black am I? I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am ſo blind;
Methinks they ſhew like to thoſe Eaſtern ſtreaks
That warn us hence before the morning break;
Back my pale ſervant, for theſe eyes know how
To ſhoot far more and quicker rayes then thou.

Cinth. Great Queen, they be a Troop for whom alone
One of my cleareſt moons I have put on;
A troop that looks as if thy ſelf and I
Had pluckt our rains in, and our whips laid by
To gaze upon theſe Mortals that, appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-ſhine the day.

Cinth. Great Queen of ſhadows, you are pleas'd to ſpeak
Of more then may be done; we may not break
The gods decrees, when our time is come,
Muſt drive away and give the day our room.
Yet whil'ſt our raign laſts, let us ſtretch our power
To give our ſervants one contented houre,
With ſuch unwonted ſolemn grace and ſtate,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beams, and wiſh the night
Crown'd with a thouſand ſtars, and our could light:
For almoſt all the world their ſervice bend
To *Phœbus*, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my ſetting from my riſe
Almoſt of none but of unquiet eyes.

Nigh. Then ſhine at full, fair Queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth to crown this happy hour;
Of Nymphs and Shepherds let their ſongs diſcover,

Eaſie

Eaſie and ſweet who is a happy Lover;
Or if thou woot, then call thine own *Endymion*
From the Sweet flowry bed he lies upon,
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of this long night let him make a day.
Cinth. Thou dream'ſt dark Queen that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiſs him; eaſe and wine
Have bred theſe bold tales; Poets when they rage,
Turn Gods to men, and make an hour an age;
But I will give a greater ſtate and glory,
And raiſe to time a noble memory
Of what theſe Lovers are; riſe, riſe, I ſay,
Thou power of deeps, thy ſurges laid away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune riſes.*
Nep. Cinthia, ſee,
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know why I aſcend.
Cinth. Doth this majeſtick ſhow
Give thee no knowledge yet? *Nep.* Yes, now I ſee
Something intended (*Cinthia*) worthy thee;
Go on I'le be a helper. *Cinth.* Hie thee then,
And charge the wind flie from his Rockie Den.
Let looſe thy ſubjects, only *Boreas*
Too foul for our intention as he was;
Still keep him faſt chain'd; we muſt have none here
But vernal blaſts, and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad Bows ſing
Many ſoft welcoms to the luſty ſpring.
Theſe are our muſick: next, thy watry race
Bring on in cupples; we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night, each in there richeſt things
Your own deeps or the broaken veſſel brings;
Be prodigall and I ſhall be as kind,
And ſhine at full upon you.
Nep. Ho the wind *Enter Eolus out of a Rock.*
Commanding *Eolus*! *Eol.* Great *Neptune*! *Nep.* He.
Eol. What is thy will? *Nep.* We do command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds to wait
Upon our *Cinthia*, but tye *Bortas* ſtraight;
He's too rebellious. *Eol.* I ſhall do it,

Nep. Do, great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full commands has taken. *Eol.* Ho! the main;
Neptune. *Nep.* Here. *Eol.* *Boreas* has broke his chain,
And struging with the rest, has got away.
Nep. Let him alone, Ile take him up at Sea;
He will not long be thence; go once again
And call out of the bottomes of the Main,
Blew *Protens*, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The bearing Rock breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemne honour to the Moon;
Flie like a full sail. *Eol.* I am gone. *Cin.* Dark night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musick may
Touch high as heaven, and make the East break day
At mid-night. *Musick.*

Song.

Cinthia *to thy power, and them*
we obey.
Ioy to this great company,
and ma day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rights of love are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroom say,
Welcome light of all befriended.
Pace out you watry powers below,
let your feet
Like the gallies when they row,
even beat.
Let your unknown measures set
To the still winds, tell to all
That Gods are come immortal great,
To honour this great Nuptial.

The Measure. Second Song.

Hold back thy houres dark night, till we have done,
The day will come too soon;
Young Maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away.
And hast thou'st their blushes open to the day.
Stay stay, and hide
The blushes of the Bride.

Stay

Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſs cover
the Kiſſes of her Lover.
Stay and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay and hide all,
But help not though ſhe call.

Nep. Great Queen of us and heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her meaſure. *Cinth.* Speak Seas King.

Nep. Thy tunes my *Ampritite* joyes to have,
When they will dance upon the riſing wave,
And court me as the ſails, my *Tritons* play
Muſick to lead a ſtorm, I'le lead the way.

Song. Meaſure.

To bed, to bed: come Hymen, *lead the Bride,*
And lay her by her husbands ſide:
Bring in the Virgins every one
That grieve to lie alone:
That they may kiſs while they may ſay, a maid,
To morrow 'twill be other, kiſt and ſaid:
Heſperus *be long a ſhining,*
Whil'ſt theſe Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho *Neptune!* *Nept. Eolus.*

Eol. The Seas go hie,
Boreas hath rais'd a ſtorme; go and apply
Thy trident, elſe I propheſie, ere day
Many a tall Ship will be caſt away:
Deſcend with all the Gods, and all their power to ſtrike a calm.

Cin. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great ſervice done at my deſire,
Ye ſhall have may floods fuller and higher
Then you have wiſht for; no Ebb ſhall dare
To let the day ſee where your dwellings are:
Now back unto your government in haſt,
Leſt your proud charge ſhould ſwell above the waſte,
And win upon the Iſland. *Nep.* We obey. *Neptune deſcends and the Sea-Gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy head dead night; ſeeſt thou not day?
The Eaſt begins to lighten, I muſt down
And give my brother place. *Nigh.* Oh I could frown.

To

To ſee the day, the day that flings his light
Upon my Kingdoms and contemns old Night;
Let him go on and flame, I hope to ſee
Another wild-fire in his Axletree;
And all falſe drencht; but I forgot, ſpeak Queen.
The day grows on, I muſt no more be ſeen.

Cin. Heave up thy drowſie head agen, and ſee
A greater light, a greater Majeſtie,
Between our ſect and us; whip up thy team;
The day breaks here, and you ſome flaſhing ſtream
Shot from the South; ſay, which way wilt thou go?

Nigh. I'le vaniſh into miſts. *Exeunt*

Cin. I into day. *Finis Mask.*

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed;
We will not ſee you laid, good night *Aminter*,
Wee'l eaſe you of that tedious ſeremony;
Were it my caſe, I ſhould think time run ſlow.
If thou beeſt noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my Kingdom from my foes.

Amin. All happineſs to you.

King. Good night *Melantius*. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Evadne, Aſpatia, Dula, *and other Ladies.*

Dul L. Madam, ſhall we undreſs you for this fight?
The Wars are nak't that you muſt make to night.

Eva. You are very merry *Dula*.

Dul. I ſhould be far merrier Madam, if it were with me as it is with you. *Eva.* Why how now Wench?

Dul. Come Ladies, will you help? *Eva.* I am ſoon undone.

Dul. And as ſoon done:
Good ſtore of cloaths will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk *Dula*?

Dula. Why, here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'ſt belike, there is no modeſty
When we are alone.

Du. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me Lady. *Du.* 'Tis againſt my will,
Anon you muſt endure more, and lie ſtill.

Youre

You're beſt to practiſe. *Evad.* Sure this wench is mad.
Dula. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis hie time to leave it,
Du. Nay, now I'le keep it till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your husbands bed.
Evad. Nay faith, then take it.
Du. Take it Madam, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay then I'le give you ore. *Dul.* So will I make
The ableſt man in *Rhodes*, or his heart to ake.
Evad. Wilt take my place to night?
Dul. I'le hold your Cards againſt any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dul. Madam, wee'l do't, and make 'm leave play too.
Evad. *Aſpatia*, take her part. *Dul.* I will refuſe it.
She will pluck down a ſide, ſhe does not uſe it.
Evad. Why, do. *Dul.* You will find the play
Quickly, becauſe your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee *Dula*, would thou couldſt inſtil
Some of thy mirth into *Aſpatia*:
Nothing but ſad thoughts in her breaſt do dwell,
Methinks a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dul. She is in love, hang me if I were ſo,
But I could run my countrey, I love too
To do thoſe things that people in love do,
Aſp. It were a timely ſmile ſhould prove my cheek,
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the Religious Prieſt
Were pacifying the offended powers
With ſacrifice, than now, this ſhould have been
My night, and all your hands have been imployd
In giving me a ſpotleſs offering
To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now
For you: pardon *Evadne* would my worth
Were as great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both thought ſo, perhaps he found me worthleſs,
But till he did ſo, in theſe ears of mine,
(Theſe credulous ears) he pour'd the ſweeteſt words

That

That Art or Love could frame, if he were falſe;
Pardon it heaven, and if I did want
Vertue, you ſafely may forgive that too
For I have left none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this ſad talk Madam.

Aſpat. Would I could, then ſhould I leave the cauſe.

Evad. See if you have not ſpoil'd all *Dulas* mirth.

Aſpat. Thou think'ſt thy heart hard, but if thou beeſt caught, remember me; thou ſhall perceive a fire ſhot ſuddenly into thee.

Dul. That's not ſo good, let'em ſhoot any thing but fire, I fear'em not.

Aſpat. Wel wench, thou may'ſt be taken.

Evad. Ladies good night, I'le do the reſt my ſelf.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord do ſome,

Aſpat. Lay a Garland on my Hearſe of the diſmal Yew.

Evad. That's one of your ſad ſongs Madam.

Aſpat. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one,

Evad. How is it Madam?

Song.

Aſpat. Lay a Garland on my Hearſe of the diſmal Yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear; ſay I died true:
My Love was falſe, but I was firme from my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

Evad. Fie on't Madam, the words are ſo ſtrange, they are able to make one dream of Hobgoblings; I could never have the power, Sing that *Dula.*

Dula. I could never have the power
To love one above an houre,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On ſome other man to flie;
Venus, fix mine eyes faſt,
Or if not, give me all that I ſhall ſee at laſt.

Evad. So leave me now. *Dula.* Nay, we muſt ſee you laid.

Aſpat. Madam good night, may all the marriage joyes
That longing maides imagin in their beds,
Prove ſo unto you; may no diſcontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to greive,
To keep your ſorrow waking; love your Lord

No

No worſe than I ; but if you love ſo wel,
Alas you may diſpleaſe him, ſo did I.
This is the laſt time you ſhould look on me :
Ladies farwel ; as ſoon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my Hearſe ;
Bring each a mournful ſtory and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth :
With flattering Ivie claſp my Coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beer
Be borne by Virgins that ſhall ſing by courſe
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pitty thee. *Exit Evadne.*

Omnes. Madam, goodnight.

1 *Lady.* Come, wee'l let in the Bridegroom.

Dul. Where's my Lord ?

1 *Lady.* Here take this light. *Enter Amintor.*

Dul. You'l find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your Lady's ſcarce a bed yet, you muſt help her.

Aſp. Go and be happy in your Ladies love ;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'le trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiſs, and will not be denied.
You'l come my Lord, and ſee the Virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you your ſelf
Can know no pitty : thus I winde my ſelf
Into this Willow Garland, and am prouder
That I was once your Love (though now refuſ'd)
Than to have any other true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and muſt try
Some yet unpractic'd way to grieve and die.

Dul. Come Ladies, will you go ? *Exit Aſpatia.*

Om. Goodnight my Lord.

Amin. Much happineſs unto you all. *Ex. Ladies.*
I did that Lady wrong ; methinks I feel
Her grief ſhoot ſuddainly through all my veins ;
Mine eyes run ; this is ſtrange at ſuch a time.
It was the King firſt mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping —why do I
Perplex my ſelf thus ? ſomething whiſpers me,

Go not to bed; my guilt is not ſo great
As mine own conſcience (too ſenſible)
Would make me think; I onely brake a promiſe,
And 'twas the King that forc'd me: timorous fleſh,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? away my idle fears. *Enter Evadne.*
Yonder ſhe is, the luſtre of whoſe eye
Can blot away the ſad remembrance
Of all theſe things: Oh my *Evadne*, ſpare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love; *Hymen* will puniſh us
For being ſlack performers of his rites.
Cam'ſt thou to call me? *Evad.* No.
Amin. Come, come my Love,
And let us looſe our ſelves to one another.
Why art thou up ſo long? *Evad.* I am not well.
Amin. To bed, then let me wind thee in theſe Arms,
Till I have baniſht ſickneſs.
Evad. Good my Lord, I cannot ſleep.
Amin. *Evadne*, wee'l watch, I mean no ſleeping:
Evad. I'le not go to bed. *Amin.* I prethee do.
Evad. I will not for the world. *Amin.* Why my dear Love?
Evad. Why? I have ſworn I will not.
Amint. Sworn! *Evadne.* I.
Amint. How? Sworne *Evadne*?
Evad. Yes ſworn *Aminter*, and will ſwear again
If you will wiſh to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you ſworn this?
Evad. If I ſhould name him, the matter were not great.
Amint. Come, this is but the coyneſs of a Bride.
Evad. The coyneſs of a Bride?
Amint. How prittily that frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it ſo?
Amint. Thou canſt not dreſs thy face in ſuch a look
But I ſhall like it. *Evad.* What look likes you beſt?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Aminter. I prethee put thy jeſts in milder looks.

It ſhews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who hath done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thy ſelf I ſwear,
Thy yet unconquered ſelf, I will reveng thee.
Evad. Now I ſhall try thy truth; if thou doſt love me,
Thou weigh'ſt not any thing compar'd with me;
Life, honour, joyes eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopefull people fain,
Or in the life to come, are light as aire
To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this: wilt thou kill this man?
Swear my *Amintor*, and I'le kiſs the ſin off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not Swear ſweet Love,
Till I do know the cauſe. *Evad.* I would thou would'ſt;
Why, it is thou that wrongeſt me, I hate thee,
Thou ſhouldſt have kild thy ſelf,
Amin. If I ſhould know that, I ſhould quickly kill
The man you hated. *Evad.* Know it then and do't.
Amin. Oh no. what look ſoe're thou ſhall put on,
To try my faith, I ſhall not think thee falſe;
I cannot finde one blemiſh in thy face,
Where falſhood ſhould abide: leave and to bed:
If you have ſworn to any of the virgins
That were your old companions, to preſerve
Your maiden-head a night, it may be done without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead *Amintor* at my years?
Amin. Sure ſhe raves, this cannot be
Thy natural temper; ſhall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful ſleep hath left thee long,
Or elſe ſome feavour rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither *Amintor*; think you I am mad,
Becauſe I ſpeak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lye with me to night?
Evad. To night? you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter? yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with patience (mark
What I ſhall utter, for the Oracle
Knowes nothing truer, 'tis not for a night?
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

Amin. I dream, —awake *Amintor!*
Evad. You hear right,
I ſooner will finde out the beds of ſnakes.
And with my youthful blood warm their cold fleſh.
Letting them curle themſelves about my Limbs,
Than ſleep one night with thee; this is not fain'd,
Nor ſounds it like the coineſs of a Bride.
Amin. Is fleſh ſo earthly to indure all this?
Are theſe the joyes of marriage? *Hymen* keep
This ſtory (that will make ſucceeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears.
Let it not riſe up for thy ſhame and mine
To after ages; we will ſcorn thy Laws,
If thou no better bleſs them; touch the heart
Of her that thou haſt ſent me, or the world
Sall know there's not an Alter that will ſmoak
In praiſe of thee; we will adopt us ſonnes;
Then vertue ſhall inherit, and not blood:
If we do luſt, wee'l take the next we meet,
Serving our ſelves as other Creatures do,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her iſſue. I do rage in vaine.
She can but jeſt; Oh pardon me my Love;
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I muſt break forth; ſatisfie my fear:
It is a pain beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirm it with an Oath, if this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form?
Let there be in it all the binding words
Divels and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it; I have ſworne before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed. Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted ſtill:
Was ever ſuch a marriage night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man ſhould be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himſelf, and ſave his honour:
Inſtruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate courſe to run,

I muſt live ſcorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? why is the Night ſo calm?
Why does not heaven ſpeak in thunder to us, and drownd her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. *Evadne*, hear me, thou haſt tane an Oath,
But ſuch a raſh one, that to keep it, were
Worſe then to ſwear it; call it back to thee;
Such vows as thoſe never aſcend the heaven;
A tear or two will waſh it quite away:
Have mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittiful for (without boaſt)
This Land was proud of me: what Lady was there
That man call'd fair and virtuous in this Iſle,
That would have ſhund my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth——Oh we vain men
That truſt out all our reputation,
To reſt upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble women! but thou art not ſtone;
Thy fleſh is ſoft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The ſpirit of Love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come lead me from the bottom of diſpair,
To all the joyes thou haſt; I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull leaſt the ſudden change
Cre-come my ſpirits.
Evad. When I call back this Oath, the pains of hell inviron me.
Amin. I ſleep, and am too temperate; come to bed, or by
Thoſe hairs, which if thou haſt a ſoul like to thy locks,
Were threads for Kings to wear about their armes;
Evad. Why ſo perhaps they are.
Amin. I'le drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked Oath or, on thy fleſh
I'le print a thouſand wounds to let out life.
Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'ſt to me;
Every ill-ſounding word, or threatning look
Thou ſhew'ſt to me, will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not ſure *Evadne*.
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Ha ye your Champions?
Evad. Alas *Aminter*, thinkeſt thou I forbeare
To ſleep with thee, becauſe I have put on

A maidens ſtrictneſs? look upon theſe cheeks,
And thou ſhalt find the hot and riſing blood
Unapt for ſuch a vow; no, in this heart
There dwels as much deſire, and as much will
To put that wiſht act in practice, as ever yet
was known to woman, and they have been ſhown
Both; but it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty (to what Land ſoe're
It ſhall be call'd) ſhall ſtoop to any ſecond.
I do enjoy the beſt, and in that height
Have ſworne to ſtand or dye: you gueſs the man.
Amin. No let me know the man that wrongs me ſo,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And ſcatter it before the Northern wind.
Evad. You dare not ſtrike him. *Amin.* Do not wrong me ſo;
Yes, if his body were a poyſonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a ſoul
Will throw me on him. *Evad.* Why 'tis the King.
Amin. The King! *Evad.* What will you do now?
Amin. 'Tis not the King,
Evad. What, did he make this match for dull *Amintor*?
Amin. Oh thou hath nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful: in that ſacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift up hand againſt it? let the gods
Speak to him when they pleaſe; till when let us ſuffer and wait.
Evad. Why ſhould you fill your ſelf ſo full of heat,
And haſt ſo to my bed? I am no Virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy then
To marry me? *Evad.* Alas, I muſt have one
To father Children, and to bear the name
Of Husband to me, that my ſin may be more honourable.
Amin. What ſtrange thing am I?
Evad. A miſerable one; one that my ſelf am ſorry for.
Amin. Why ſhew it then in this,
If thou haſt pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me, and all true Lovers that ſhall live,
In after Ages croſt in their deſires,
Shall bleſs thy memory, and call thee good,
Becauſe ſuch mercy in thy heart was found,

T

To rid a lingring Wretch. *Evad.* I muſt have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead,
Elſe by this night I would: I pity thee.
Amin. Theſe ſtrange and ſudden injuries have faln
So thick upon me, that I loſe all ſenſe
Of what they are; methinks I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the cenſuring World
I can but hide it —Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more; but thou haſt ſhown
An impudence ſo high, that to the World
I fear thou wilt betray or ſhame thy ſelf.
Evad. To cover ſhame I took thee, never fear
That I would blaze my ſelf. *Amin.* Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honour
Will thruſt me into action; that my fleſh
Could bear with patience; and it is ſome eaſe
To me in theſe extreames, that I knew this
Before I toucht thee; elſe had all the ſins
Of mankind ſtood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have loſt one deſire, 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed: now I reſolve
He has diſhonoured thee; give me thy hand,
Be careful of thy credit, and ſin cloſe,
'Tis all I wiſh; upon thy Chamber-floor
I'le reſt to night, that morning viſiters
May think we did as married people uſe.
And prethee ſmile upon mee when they come,
And ſeem to toy, as if thou hadſt been pleas'd
With what we did. *Evad.* Fear not, I will do this.
Amin. Come let us practiſe, and as wantonly
As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
Lets laugh and enter here. *Evad.* I am content.
Amin. Down all the ſwellings of my troubled heart.
When we walk thus intwin'd let all eyes ſee
If ever Lovers better did agree. *Exit.*

Enter Aſpatia, Antiphila, Olympias.

Aſp. Away, you are not ſad, force it no further;
Good gods, how well you look! ſuch a full colour
Yong baſhful Brides put on: ſure you are new married.

Ant.

Ant, Yes Madam to your grief. *Asp.* Alas poor Wenches,
Go learn to love first, learn to lose your selves,
Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it;
Make a faith out of the miracles of Ancient Lovers.
Did you ne're love yet Wenches? speak *Olympias*,
Such as speak truth and dy'd in't,
And like me believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp.
Olymp. Never. *Asp.* Nor you *Antiphila*? *Ant.* Nor I.
Asp. Then my good Girles, be more than Women, wise. At least be more than I was; and be sure you credit any thing the light gives light to, before a man; rather believe the Sea weeps for the ruin'd Merchant when he roars; rather the wind courts but the pregnant sails when the strong cordage cracks; rather the sun comes but to kiss the fruit in Wealthy Autumn; when all falls blasted; if you needs must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosomes two dead cold aspicks, and of them make Lovers, they cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss makes a long peace for all; but man, oh that beast man! Come let's be sad my girles;
That down cast of thine eye, *Olympias*,
Shews a fine sorrow; mark *Antiphila*,
Just such another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
When *Paris* brought home *Ellen*: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea Rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes
To the fair *Trojan* ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear *Antiphila*;
What would this Wench do if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand, till some more pittying god
Turn'd her to marble: 'tis enough my Wench;
Shew me the piece of needle-work you wrought.
Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam? *Asp.* Yes that piece.
This should be *Theseus*, has a cousening face,
You meant him for a man. *Ant.* He was so Madam.
Asp. Why then 'tis well enough, never look back,
You have a full wind, and a false heart *Theseus*;
Does not the story say, his Keel was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kind rock or other

Met with his Veſſel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.
Aſp. It ſhould ha been ſo; could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raiſe a ſtorm?
But they are all as ill. This falſe ſmile was well expreſt;
Juſt ſuch another caught me; you ſhall not go ſo *Antiphila*;
In this place work a quick ſand,
And over it a ſhallow ſmiling Water,
And his ſhip ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life Wench. *Ant.* 'Twil wrong the ſtory.
Aſp. 'Twill make the ſtory wrong'd by wanton Poets.
Live long and be believ'd; but where's the Lady?
Ant. There Madam. *Aſp.* Fie, you have miſt it here *Antiphila*,
You are much miſtaken wench;
Theſe colours are not dull and pale enough,
To ſhew a ſoul ſo full of miſery
As this ſad Ladies was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the loſt *Aſpatia*,
And you ſhall find all true but the wild Iſland;
I ſtand upon the ſea breach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that deſart, and let all about me;
Tell that I am forſaken, do my face
(If thou hadſt ever feeling of a ſorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* ſtrive to make me look
Like ſorrows monument; and the trees about me,
Let me be drie and leaveleſs; let the Rocks
Groan with continual ſurges, and behind me
Make all a deſolation; look, look wenches,
A miſerable life of this poor picture.
Olym. Dear Madam! *Aſp.* I have done, ſit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull ſilence till you feel a ſudden ſadneſs
Give us new ſouls. *Enter Calianax.*
Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My child is wrong'd. diſgrac'd: well, how now huſwives?
What at your eaſe? is this a time to ſit ſtill? up you young
laſie whores, up or I'le ſwenge you. *Olim.* Nay, good my Lord.
Cal. You'l lie down ſhortly, get you in and work;
What are you grown ſo teſty? you want ears,
VVe ſhall have ſome of the Court boyes do that Office.

Ant. My Lord, we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in grief;
She is forsaken. *Cal.* There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling slave; well, get you in.
Ile have about with that boy; 'tis hie time
Now to be valiant; I confess my youth
Was never prone that way: what, made an Ass?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these Whelps; I will; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating Souldier,
Ile maul that Rascal, has out-brav'd me twice;
But now I thank the gods I am valiant;
Go, get you in, Ile take a course withal. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

CLE. Your sister is not up yet.
Diph. Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome. *Stra.* But not tedious.
Diph. What ods, he has not my Sisters maiden-head to night?
Stra. No, its odds against any Bridegroom living, he ne're gets it while he lives.
Diph. Y'are merry with my sister, you'le please to allow me the same freedome with your mother.
Stra. Shee's at your service.
Diph. Then shee's merry enough of her self, she needs no tickling; knock at the door. *Stra.* We shall interrupt them.
Diph. No matter, they have the year before them.
Good morrow sister; spare your self to day, the night will come again. *Enter Amintor.*
Amin. Who's there, my brother? I am no readier yet, your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to night; I think you ha not slept. *Amin.* I faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy; when he is twelve,
A shall command against the foes of *Rhodes.*
Stra. You cannot, you want sleep. *aside.*

Amin.

Amint. 'Tis true; but ſhe
As if ſhe had drunk *Lethe*, or had made
Even with heaven, did fetch ſo ſtill a ſleep,
So ſweet and ſound. *Diph.* VVhats that?

Amin. Your ſiſter frets this morning, and does turn her eyes upon me, as people on their headſman; ſhe does chafe, and kiſs, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks: ſhee's in another world.

Diph. Then I had loſt; I was about to lay, you had not got her maiden-head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mock me; y'ad loſt indeed;
I do not uſe to bungle. *Cleo.* You do deſerve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was ſo rude and rough to me, laſt night *aſide.*
VVas ſweet as *April*; Ile be guilty too;
If theſe be the effects. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. Good day *Amintor*, for to me the name
Of brother is too diſtant; we are friends,
And that is nearer. *Amin.* Dear *Melantius!*
Let me behold thee; is it poſſible?

Mel. VVhat ſudden gaze is this? *Amin.* 'Tis wondrous ſtrange.

Mel. VVhy does thine eye deſire ſo ſtrict a view
Of that it knows ſo well? ther's nothing here that is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much *Melantius*,
To ſee thoſe noble looks that make me think
How virtuous thou art; and on the ſudden
'Tis ſtrange to me, thou ſhouldſt have worth and honour,
Or not be baſe, and falſe, and treacherous,
And every ill. But —— *Mel.* Stay, ſtay my friend,
I fear this ſound will not become our loves; no more embrace me.

Amint. Oh miſtake me not,
I know thee to be full of all thoſe deeds
That we frail men call good: but by the courſe
Of nature thou ſhouldſt be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds, diſſembling as the Sea,
That now wears brows as ſmooth as Virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an houre calls his billows up,
And ſhoots 'em at the Sun, deſtroying all
A carries on him, O how near am I *aſide.*
To utter my ſick thoughts!

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. VVhat should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much vertue?

Strat. O call the Bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that she may see her blush, and turn her eyes down; it is the prittiest sport.

Amin. Evadne. *Evad.* My Lord! *Within.*

Amin. Come forth my Love,
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet. *Amin.* Enough, enough.

Evad. They'l mock me.

Amint. Faith thou shalt come in. *Enter Evadne.*

Mel. Good morrow sister; he that understands
VVhom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.
You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

Diph. O sister, what have you done!

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Push! *Stra.* I faith he does.

Evad. I knew I should be mockt, *Diph.* With a truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.

Amin. Not I by heaven. *aside.*

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie how you talk! *Diph.* Let's see you walk.

Evad. By my troth y'are spoil'd. *Mel. Amintor!*

Amin. Ha! *Mel.* Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I? I thank you for that; shall *Diphilus*, thou and I sing a catch? *Mel.* How! *Amin.* Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightened with my happiness: how dost thou Love? kiss me. *Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,
Would you had all such Wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder; y'are all sad;
What, do you envy me? I walk methinks
On water, and nere sink, I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no musick there? let's dance.
Mol. Why? this is strange. *Amintor!*
Amin. I do not know my self; yet I could wish my joy were less.
Diph. I'le marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. *Amintor*, hark. *aside*
Amin. What saies my Love? I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvely, 'twil be perceiv'd.
Cle. My Lord, the King is here. *Enter King and Lisf.*
Amin. Where? *Stra.* And his brother.
King. Good morrow all.
Amintor, Joy on, joy fall thick upon thee;
And Madam, you are alter'd since I saw yow,
I must salute you; you are now anothers;
How lik't you your rights rest? *Evad.* Ill Sir.
Amin. I! deed she took but little.
Lysf. You'l let her take more, and thank her too shortly.
King. *Amintor* wert thou truly honest till thou wert married?
Amin. Yes Sir.
King. Tell me then, how shews the sport unto thee?
Amin. Why well. *King.* What did you do?
Amin. No more nor less then other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a course name.
King. But prethee, I should think by her black eye,
And her read cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business, ha?
Amin. I cannot tell, I ne're try'd other Sir, but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.
King. Well, you'l trust me then *Amintor*,
To choose a wife for you agen? *Amin.* No never Sir.
King. Why? like you this so ill? *Amin.* So well I like her.
For this I bow my knees in thanks to you,
And unto heaven will pay my greatful tribute
Hourely and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both full of gray hairs in one day;
For which the thanks is yours; but if the powers
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
VVorthy to take her room.

King.

King. I do not like this; all forbear the room
But you *Amintor* and your Lady. I have ſome ſpeech with
You, that may concern your after liveing well.
Amin. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he do,
Something heavenly ſtay my heart, for I ſhall be apt
To thruſt this arme of mine to acts unlawful. (aside?)
King You will ſuffer me to talk with her, *Amintor*,
And not have a jealous pang! *Amint.* Sir I dare truſt my Wife
With whom ſhe dares to talk, and not to be jealous.
King. How do you like *Amintor?*
Evad. As I did Sir. *King.* How's that!
Evad. As one that to fulfil your will and pleaſure,
I have given leave to call me Wife and Love.
King. I ſee there is no laſting faith in ſin;
They that break word with heaven, will break word agen
With all the world, and ſo doſt thou with me.
Evad. How Sir? *King.* This ſubtile womans ignorance
Will not excuſe you; thou haſt taken Oaths
So great, methought they did not well become
A Womans mouth, that thou wouldſt ne're enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did ſwear ſo; you do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I ſwore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bad you truſt
I would forſake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne; I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes; but if I ever yet
Touch any other, Leproſie light here
Upon my face which for your royalty I would not ſtaine.
King. Why thou diſſembleſt, and it is in me to puniſh thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me then not to love you, which will
More afflict your body, then your puniſhment can mine.
King. But thou hath let *Amintor* lye with thee.
Evad. I hannot. *King.* Impudence! he ſaies himſelf ſo.
Evad. A lyes. *King.* A does not.
Evad. By this light he does, ſtrangely and baſely, and
I'le prove it ſo; I did not ſhun him for a night,
But told him I would never cloſe with him.

King.

King. ſpeake lower, 'tis falſe.
Evad. I'm no man to anſwer with a blow;
Or if I were, you are the King; but urge me not, 'tis moſt true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and deſire of that
He long hath waited for? is not his ſpirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valliant ſtrain,
As this our age hath known! what could he do,
If ſuch a ſudden ſpeech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kild thee,
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man. *Evad.* It is diſſembling.
King. Take him; farwel; henceforth I am thy foe;
And what diſgraces I can blot thee look for.
Evad. Stay Sir; *Amintor!* you ſhall hear, *Amintor.*
Amin. What my Love?
Evad. *Amintor*, thou haſt an ingenious look,
And ſhouldſt be vertuous; it amazeth me,
That thou canſt make ſuch baſe malicious lyes.
Amin. What my dear Wife?
Evad. Dear Wife! I do deſpiſe thee;
Why, nothing can be baſer, then to ſow
Diſſention amongſt Lovers? *Amin.* Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me. *Amin.* O heaven!
Evad. Who ſhall live long and love without diſtaſt,
Were it not for ſuch pickthanks as thy ſelf!
Did you lye with me? ſwear now, and be puniſht in hell
For this. *Amin.* The faithleſs ſin I made
To fair *Aſpatia*, is not yet reveng'd,
It follows me; I will not loſe a word
To this wild VVoman; but to you my King,
The anguiſh of my ſoul thruſts out this truth,
Y'are a Tyrant; and not ſo much to w ong
An honeſt man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now Sir, ſee how loud this fellow lyed.
Amin. You that can know to wrong, ſhould know how
Men muſt right themſelves: what puniſhment is due
From me to him that ſhall abuſe my bed?

It is not death; nor can that ſatisfie,
Unleſs I ſend your lives through all the Land,
To ſhew how nobly I have freed my ſelf.
King. draw not thy ſword, thou knoweſt thou cannot fear
A ſubjects hand; but thou ſhalt feel the weight of this
If thou doſt rage. *Amin.* The weight of that?
If you have any worth, for heavens ſake think
I fear not ſwords; for as you are meer man,
I dare as eaſie kill you for this deed.
As you dare think to do it; but there is
Divinity about you, that ſtriks dead
My riſing paſions as you are my King,
I fall before you, and preſent my ſword
To cut mine own fleſh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs; yet ſhould I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuſe
Of madneſs: for compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too ſad a weight
For reaſon to endure; but fall I firſt
Amongſt my ſorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things: but why? I know not what
I have to ſay; why did you chooſe out me
To make thus wretched? there were thouſand fools
Eaſie to work on, and of ſtate enough within the Iſland.
Evad. I would not have a fool, it were no credit for me.
Amin. Worſe and worſe!
Thou that dar'ſt talk unto thy Husband thus,
Profeſs thy ſelf a Whore; and more then ſo,
Reſolve to be ſo ſtill; it is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thouſand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world.
But there were wiſe ones too, you might have tane another.
King. No; for I believe thee honeſt, as thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happineſs
Beſtowed upon me, turns into diſgrace;
Gods take your honeſty again, for
I am loaden with it; good my Lord the King, be private in it.
King. Thou may'ſt live *Amintor*,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,

And

And be a means that we may meet in ſecret.

Amint. A baud! hold, hold my breaſt, a bitter curſe
Seize me, if *I* forget not all reſpects
That are Religious, on another word
Sounded like that, and through a ſea of ſins
Will wade to my revenge, though I ſhould call
Pains here, and after life upon my ſoul.

King. Well, *I* am reſolute you lay not with her,
And ſo leave you. *Exit King.*

Evad. You muſt be prating, and ſee what follows.

Amint. Prethee vex me not
Leave me, *I* am afraid ſome ſudden ſtart
Will pull a murther on me.

Evad. I am gone; I love my life well. *Exit Evadne.*

Amint. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth; I ſhould be glad
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. *Exit.*

Enter Malantius.

Mel. Ile know the cauſe of all *Amintors* griefs,
Or friendſhip ſhall be idle. *Enter Calianax.*

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die.

Mel. Truſt me, I am ſorrie; would thou hadſt tane her room.

Cal. Thou art a ſlave, a cut-throat-ſlave, a bloody treacherous ſlave.

Melan. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And loſe thine offices. *Cal.* I am valiant grown
At all theſe years, and thou art but a ſlave.

Mel. Leave, ſome company will come, and I reſpect
Thy years, not thee ſo much, that I could wiſh
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile ſpoile your mirth, I mean to fight with thee;
There lie my cloak, this was my Fathers ſword,
And he durſt fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doat thy ſelf out of thy life?
Hence get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat warm things, and trouble not me; my head is full of thoughts, more weigty then thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in War, when you ſtand ſafe
Amongſt a multitude; but *I* will trie
What you dare do unto a weak old man

In ſingle fight; you'l ground I fear: Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unleſs thou pul'ſt thy death
Upon thee with a ſtroke; there's no one blow
That thou canſt give, hath ſtrength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not ſo far then; the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee. *Cal.* I muſt let him alone,
He's ſtout and able; and to ſay the truth,
However I may ſet a face, and talk,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a teſtie trick I had,
Amongſt Cowards, but durſt never fight.

Mel. I will not promiſe to preſerve your life if you do ſtay.

Cal. I would give half my Land that I durſt fight with that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would beat him, till he aske me mercy. *Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?

Cal, I dare not ſtay, but I will go home, and beat my ſervants all over for this. *Exit Calianax.*

Mel. This old fellow haunts me,
But the diſtracted carriage of mine *Amintor*
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cauſe;
I fear his Conſcience cries, he wrong'd *Aſpatia.*

Enter Amintor.

Amint. Mens eyes are not ſo ſubtil to perceive
My inward miſery; I bear my grief
Hid from the world; How art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his Wife,
Is but a well diſſembler of his woes
As I am; would I knew it, for the rareneſs afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, We have not enjoy'd our friendſhip of late, for we were wont to charge our ſoules in talk.

Amint. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jeſt of *Strato* and a Lady the laſt day. *Mel.* How waſt?

Amint. Why ſuch an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to ſpeak with you, not of an idle jeſt that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amint. What is that my friend?

Mel. I have obſerv'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage.

Like

Like one that ſtrove to ſhew his merry mood,
When he were ill-diſpos'd : you were not wont
To put ſuch ſcorne into your ſpeech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity :
Some ſadneſs ſits here, which your cunning would
Cover ore with ſmiles, and 'twill not be. What is it ?
Amint. A ſadneſs here ! what cauſe
Can fate provide for me, to make me ſo ?
Am I not lov'd through all this Iſle ? the King
Raines greatneſs on me : have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A priſon for all vertue ? are not you,
Which is above all joyes, my conſtant friend ?
What ſadneſs can I have ? no, I am light,
And feel the courſes of my blood more warm
And ſtirring than they were ; faith marry too,
And you will feele ſo unexpreſt a joy
In chaſt embraces, that you will indeed appear another.
Mel. You may ſhape, *Amintor*,
Cauſes to cozen the whole world withal,
And your ſelfe too ; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your ſoul from me ; 'tis not your nature
To be thus idle ; I have ſeen you ſtand
As you were blaſted ; midſt of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then ſtart, faining joy
So coldly. World ! what do I hear ? a friend
Is nothing : Heaven ! I would ha told that man
My ſecret ſins ; Ile ſearch unknown Land,
And there plant friendſhip, all is withered here ;
Come with a complement, I would have fought,
Or told my friend a lyed, ere ſooth'd him ſo :
Out of my boſome. *Amint.* But there is nothing.
Mel. Worſe and Worſe farewel ;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amint. Melantius, ſtay, you ſhall know what that is.
Mel: See how you play'd with friendſhip be adviſ'd
How you give cauſe unto your ſelfe ſo ſay, You ha loſt a friend.
Amint. Forgive what I have done ;

For I am ſo ore-gone with injuries
Unheard of, that I loſe conſideration
Of what I ought to do. —— oh——oh.
Melan. Do not weep; what is't?
May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friends thus?
Amint. I had ſpoke at firſt, but that. *Mel.* But what?
Amint. I held it moſt unfit
For you to know; faith do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou ſeeſt my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the cauſe of thy diſtemper,
With mine own armour Ile adorn my ſelf,
My reſolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as ſpotleſs innocence. What is it?
Amint. Why, 'tis this, ——it is too big
To get out, let my tears make way a while
Mel. Puniſh me ſtrangely heaven, if he eſcape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.
Amint. Your ſiſter. *Mel.* Well ſaid.
Amint. You'l wiſh't unknown; when you have heard it.
Mel. No. *Amint.* Is much too blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him. *Mel.* How, this!
Thou art run mad with injury indeed,
Thou couldſt not utter this elſe; ſpeak again,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amint. She's wanton; I am loth to ſay a Whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down; what are thy griefs?
Amint. By all our friendſhip theſe.
Mel. What? am I tame?
After mine actions, ſhall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and ſtrike the brand
Of Whore upon my ſiſter unreveng'd?
My ſhaking fleſh be thou a Witneſs for me;
With what unwillingneſs I go to ſcourge
This rayler, whom my folly hath call'd friend;

I will not take thee baſely; thy ſword
Hangs near thy hand, draw it that I may whip
Thy raſhneſs to repentance; draw thy ſword.
Amint. Not on thee, did thine anger ſwell as high
As the wilde ſurges; thou ſhouldſt do me eaſe
Here, and eternally, If thy noble hand
Would cut me from my ſorrows.
Mel. This is baſe and fearful! they that uſe to utter lyes,
Provide not blows, but words to qualifie
The men they wrong'd; thou haſt a guilty cauſe
Amin. Thou pleaſeſt me; for ſo much more like this,
Will raiſe my anger up above my griefs,
Which is a paſſion eaſier to be borne
And I ſhall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more to raiſe thine anger. 'Tis meer
Cowardize makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art ſo much preſt
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fix a ſcandal
Upon thy name for ever. *Amin.* Then I draw,
As juſtly as our Magiſtrates their Swords,
To cut offenders off; I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was baſe in you
To urge a weighty ſecret from your friend,
And then rage at it; I ſhall be at eaſe
If I be kild; and if you fall by me,
I ſhall not long out-live you. *Mel.* Stay a while,
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the World beſides; I was a fool.
Thou ſearching humane nature, that didſt wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquiſitive,
And thruſts me upon queſtions that will take
My ſleep away; would I had died ere known
This ſad diſhonour; pardon me my friend;
If thou wilt ſtrike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine; behold the power thou haſt in me!
I do believe my ſiſter is a Whore,
A Leprous one, put up thy ſword young man.
Amin. How ſhould I bear it then, ſhe being ſo?

I fear my friend that you will looſe me ſhortly;
And I ſhall do a foul act on my ſelfe
Through theſe diſgraces. *Mel.* Better half the Land
Were buried quick together; no, *Amintor*,
Thou ſhalt have eaſe: O this adultrous King
That drew her to't! where got he the ſpirit
To wrong me ſo? *Amint.* What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you!
Mel. Why, not ſo much: the credit of our houſe
Is thrown away;
But from his Iron Den I'le waken death,
And hurle him on this King; my honeſty
Shall ſteel my ſword, and on its horrid point
Ile weare my cauſe, that ſhall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on. *Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Drie up thy watry eyes,
And caſt a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is ſo wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee; ſtill this ſwelling breaſt;
I go thus from thee, and will never ceaſe
My vengeance, till I find my heart at peace.
Amin. It muſt not be ſo; ſtay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but love and teares
Leave me a while, for I have hazarded
All this World calls happy; thou haſt wrought
A ſecret from me under name of Friend,
Which Art could ne're have found, nor torture wrung
From out my boſome; gave it me agen,
For I will find it, whereſoe're it lies
Hid in the mortal'ſt part; invent a way to give it back.
Mel. Why, would you have it back?
I will to death purſue him with revenge.
Amint. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood ſo high, that thou wilt ſtir in this, and ſhame me
To poſterity: take to thy weapon.
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amint. I will not hear: but draw, or I ——— *Mel. Amintor!*
Amint. Draw then, for I amfull as reſolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be;

I cannot linger, draw. *Mel.* I do——but is not
My ſhare of credit equal with thine if I do ſtir?
Amint. No, for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to ſpill thy ſiſters blood,
If ſhe her birth abuſe, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearfull Cuckold——O that word! be quick.
Mel. Then joyn with me.
Amin. I dare not do a ſin, or elſe I would: be ſpeedy.
Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a ſin.
His grief diſtracts him; call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy ſelf pronounce the name of Friend,
And ſee what that will wrok; I will not fight.
Amint. You muſt.
Mel. I will be kill'd firſt, though my paſſions
Offered the like to you; 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reaſon to it; think a while,
For you are (I muſt weep when I ſpeak that)
Almoſt beſides your ſelf. *Amin.* Oh my ſoft temper!
So many ſweet words from thy ſiſters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do; yet have a care
Of me in what thou doſt.
Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honour, or to ſave
The bravery of our houſe, will looſe his fame,
And fear to touch the Throne of Majeſty?
Armin. A curſe will follow that, but rather live
And ſuffer with me.
Mel. I will do what worth ſhall bid me, and no more.
Amint. Faith I am ſick, and deſperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of eaſe.
Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.
Amint. I ſhall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you, look up, we'l walk together,
Put thine arm here, all ſhall be well agen.
Amint. Thy Love, O wretched, I thy love, *Melantius*; why,
I have nothing elſe.
Mel. Be merry then. *Exeunt. Enter Melantius. agen.*

Mel.

Mel. This worthy young man may doe violence
Upon himſelf, but I have cheriſht him,
To my beſt power, and ſent him ſmiling from me
To counterfeit again; Sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never fail me: *Diphilus.*
Thou com'ſt as ſent. *Enter Diphilus.*

Diph. Yonder has been ſuch laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why, our ſiſter and the King,
I thought their ſpleens would break,
They laught us all out of the room.

Mel. They muſt weep, *Diphilus.* *Diph.* Muſt they?

Mel. They muſt: Thou art my brother, and if I did believe
Thou hadſt a baſe thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durſt.

Diph. You ſhould not, I would firſt mangle my ſelf, and find it.

Mel. That was ſpoke according to our ſtrain; come
Joyn thy hands to mine,
And ſwear a firmneſs to what project I ſhall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter ſhall not ſay there paſt
A bond more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly ſaid, as I would wiſh;
Anon I'le tell you wonders; we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, wee'l right our ſelves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my houſe;
And what friends you can draw unto our ſide,
Not knowing of the cauſe, make ready too;
Haſte *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haſte. *Exit. Diphilus.*
I hope my cauſe is juſt, *I* know my blood
Tells me it is, and *I* will credit it:
To take revenge, and loſe my ſelf withal,
Were idle; and to eſcape impoſſible,
Without I had the fort, which miſery
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I muſt have it, ſee *Enter Calianax.*
Where he comes ſhaking by me: good my Lord,
Forget your ſpleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man. *Cal.* 'Tis well.

If

If I durſt fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without all cauſe. *Cal.* Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour I ſpeak truth.

Cal. Honour? where iſt?

Mel. See what ſtarrs you make into your hatred to my love and freedom to you.——

I come with reſolution to obtain a ſuit of you.

Cal. A ſure of me! 'tis very like it ſhould be granted, ſir.

Mel. Nay go not hence;

'Tis this; you have the keeping of the Fort,
And *I* would wiſh you by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reaſon to move you to it. *I* would kill the King that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out traytor!

Mel. Nay but ſtay; I cannot ſcape, the deed once done,
Without I have this Fort.

Cal. And ſhould I help thee? now thy treacherous mind betrayes it ſelf. *Mel.* Come, delay me not;
Give me a ſudden anſwer, or already
Thy laſt is ſpoke; refuſe not offered, love,
When it comes clad in ſecrets.

Cal. If *I* ſay I will not, he will kill me, I do ſee't writ
In his looks, and ſhould I ſay I will, heel run and tell the King: I do not ſhun your friendſhip dear *Melantius*,
But this cauſe is weightie, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it,—— I know this goes unto the King,
But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Me thinks I feel my ſelf
But twenty now agen: this fighting fool
Wants policie; I ſhall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my legs
Will laſt that pace that I will carry them,
I ſhall want breath before I find the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Evade, and a Ladie.

Melant. Save you.

Evad. Save you ſweet brother.

Mel. In my blunt eye me thinks you look *Evadne.*
Evad. Come, you would make me bluſh,
Mel. I would *Evadne*, I ſhall diſpleaſe my ends elſe.
Evad. You ſhall if you command me; I am baſhful;
Come Sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you, 'tis not ſeemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the Gallery ——now ſpeak.
Mel. Ile lock the door firſt. *Exeunt, Ladies.*
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your guilded things that dance in viſitation
with their Millan skins chok up my buſineſs.
Evad. You are ſtrangely diſpos'd Sir,
Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No, if you praiſe me, 'twill make me ſad.
Mel. Such a ſad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the Court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praiſe the Court for't; has it learned you nothing?
Evad. Me? *Mel.* I *Evadne*, thou art young and handſome,
A Ladie of a ſweet complexion,
And ſuch a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuſe but inflame a Kingdome. *Evad.* Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy remembrance fooliſh woman,
To make me gentle. *Evad.* How is this?
Mel. 'Tis baſe,
And I could bluſh at theſe years, thorough all
My honoured ſcars, to come to ſuch a parly.
Evad. I underſtand you not. *Mel.* You dare not fool;
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults Sir I would have ye know I care not.
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy bodie is too little for the ſtory,
The luſts of which would fill another woman,
Though ſhe had twins within her. *Evad.* This is ſawcie;
Look you intrude no more, there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long loſt honor: would the gods had ſet me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or ſtand

One

One of their lowdeſt bolts come tell me quickly,
Do it without inforcement and take heed
You ſwell me not above my temper.

Evad. How Sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in every place.

Evad. They and the ſeconds of it are baſe people;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not wretch,
I come to know that deſperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life; be wiſe and and lay him upon.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners, ſuch another
Forgetfulneſs forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty honour, and then tell me
Whoſe whore you are, for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours periſh but Ile find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy blood; be ſudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt ayre when the *Dog* raigns, is not fouler
Than they contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy ſickneſs.

Evad. Be gone, you are my brother, that's your ſafetie

Mel. Ile be a wolf firſt; 'tis to be thy brother
An infamie below the ſin of a coward:
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue; ſeek a kindred
Mongſt ſenſual beaſts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you ſtay here and rail thus, I ſhall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt; get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels;
And tell them what a brave man you are: I ſhall laugh at you.

Mel. Y'are grown a glorious whore; where be your
Fighters? what mortal fool durſt raiſe thee to this daring,
And I alive? by my juſt ſword, ha'd ſafer
Beſtride a Billow when the angry North
Plows up the ſea, or made heavens fire his food;
Work me no higher will you diſcover yet?

Evad. The fellow's is mad, ſleep and ſpeak ſenſe.

Mel. Force my ſwoln heart no further; I would ſave thee; your great maintainers are not here, they dare not, would they were all,

and armed, I would ſpeak lowd; here's one ſhould thunder to'em: will you tell me? thou haſt no hope to ſcape; he that dares moſt, and dams away his ſoul to do thee ſervice, will ſooner fetch meat from a hungry Lion, than come to reſcue thee; that haſt death about thee: has undone thine honour, poyſon'd thy vertue, and of a lovelie roſe, left thee a canker.

Evad. Let me conſider. *Mel.* Do, Whoſe child thou wert,
Whoſe honour thou haſt murdered, whoſe grave open'd,
And ſo puld on the gods, that in their juſtice
They muſt reſtore him fleſh agen and life,
And raiſe his dry bones to revenge his ſcandal.

Evad. The gods are not of my min'; they had better let'em lie ſweet ſtill in thee earth; they'l ſtink here.

Mel. Do you raiſe much out of my eaſineſs?
Forſake me then all weakneſſes of nature,
That make men women; Speak you whore, ſpeak truth,
Or by the dear ſoul of thy ſleeping Father,
This ſword ſhall be thy lover; tell, or Ile kill thee;
And when thou haſt told all, thou will deſerve it.

Evad. You will not murder me!

Mel. No 'tis a juſtice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of ſuch baſe offenders.

Evad. Help!

Mel. By thy ſoul ſelf, no humane help ſhall help thee,
If thou crieſt; when I have kild thee, as I have
Vow'd to do, if thou confeſs not, naked as thou haſt left
Thine honour will I leave thee,
That on thy branded fleſh the world may read
Thy black ſhame, and my juſtice; wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes. *Mel.* Up and begin your ſtory.

Evad. Oh I am miſerable.

Mel. 'Tis true; thou art, ſpeak truth ſtill.

Evad. I have offended, noble ſir; forgive me.

Mel. With what ſecure ſlave? *Evad.* Do not ask me ſir,
Mine own remembrance is a miſery too mightie for me.

Mel. Do not fall back again; my ſword's unſheath'd yet.

Evad. What ſhall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault leſs.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay, I muſt ask mine honour firſt, I have too much fooliſh nature in me; ſpeak. *Evad.* Is there none elſe here?

Mel. None but a fearful Conſcience, that's too many. Who iſt?

Evad. O hear me gently; it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy Father's and my ſervices
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds thou haſt paid me
In my one mettal: theſe are ſouldiers thanks.
How long have you liv'd thus *Evadne?* *Evad.* Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it; can you be ſorry?

Evad. Would I were half as blameleſs.

Mel. *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy trade again.

Evad. Firſt to my grave.

Mel. Would gods thou hadſt been ſo bleſt:
Doſt not thou hate this King now? prethee hate him:
Couldſt not thou curſe him? I command thee curſe him,
Curſe till the gods heare and deliver him
To thy juſt wiſhes; yet I fear *Evadne*,
You had rather play your game out. *Evad.* No, I feel
Too many ſad confuſions here to let in any looſe flame hereafter.

Mel. Doſt thou not feel amongſt all thoſe one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm to kill this baſe King?

Evad. All the gods forbid it.

Mel. No, all the gods require it, they are diſhonoured in him.

Evad. 'Tis too fearful.

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a ſtale whore, and have your Madams name
Diſcourſe for grooms and pages, and hereafter
When his cool Majeſtie hath laid you by,
To be at penſion with ſome needy Sir
For meat and courſer cloaths, thus far you know no fear.
Come, you ſhall kill him. *Evad.* Good ſir!

Mel. And 'twere to kiſs him dead, thou'd ſmother him;
Be wiſe and kill him: Canſt thou live and know
What noble minds ſhall make thee ſee thy ſelf
Found out with every finger, made the ſhame
Of all ſucceſſions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou ſhalt not live thus; kneel and ſwear to help me:
When I ſhall call thee too it, or by all

Holy in heaven and earth, thou ſhalt not live
To breath a full hour longer, not a thought:
Come 'tis a righteous oath; give me thy hand,
And both to heaven held up, ſwear by that vvealth
This luſtful thiefſtole from thee. when *I* ſay it,
To let this foule ſoul out. *Evad.* Here I ſwear it,
And all you ſpirits of abuſed Ladies
Heip me in this performance.
Mel. Enough; this muſt be known to none
But you and I *Evadne*, not to your Lord,
Though he be wiſe and noble, and a fellow
Dares ſtep as far into a worthy action,
As the moſt daring, I as far as juſtice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. *Exit. Mel.*
Evad. Would I could ſay ſo to my black diſgrace,
Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I ſhould loſe my ſelf thus diſperately.
And none for pity ſhew me how *I* wandred?
There is not in the compaſs of the light
A more unhappy creature; ſure I am monſtrous,
For I have done thoſe follies, thoſe mad miſcheifs,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden ſoul,
Be not ſo cruel to me, choake not up *Enter Amintor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord. *Amin.* How now?
Evad. My much abuſed Lord! *Kneels.*
Amin. This cannot be.
Evad. I do not kneel to live, *I* dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater; look upon me
Though *I* appear with all my faults. *Amin.* Stand up.
This is no new way to begit more ſorrow;
Heaven knows I have too many; doe not mock me;
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foſter-brothers, *I* may leap
Like a hand-wolfe into my natural wilderneſs,
And do an out-rage; Prethee do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is ſo leprous, it infects
All my repentance; *I* would buy your pardon
Though at the higheſt ſet, even vvith my life;
That flight contrition, that's no ſacrifice
For vvhat *I* have committed. *Amin.* Sure I dazel;

There

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman
That knows no God more mighty than her miſchiefs;
Thou doſt ſtill worſt, ſtill number on thy faults,
To preſſe my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any ſeed of vertue in that woman
Left to ſhoot up, that dares go on in ſin
Known, and ſo known as thine is, O *Evadne!*
Would there were any ſafetie in thy ſex,
That I might put a thouſand ſorrows off,
And credit thy repentance; but I muſt not;
Thou haſt brought me to the dull calamitie,
To that ſtrange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I ſhall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Onely remembring that I grieve. *Evad.* My Lord,
Give me your griefs; you are an innocent,
A ſoul as white as Heaven; let not my ſins
Periſh your noble youth; I do not fall here
To ſhadow by diſſembling with my tears,
As all ſay women can, or to make leſs
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Knows to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance; no I do not;
I do appear the ſame, the ſame *Evadne*,
Dreſt in the ſhames I liv'd in, the ſame monſter.
But theſe are names of honour to what I am;
I do preſent my ſelf the fouleſt creature,
Moſt poyſonous, dangerous, and deſpis'd of men,
Lerna ere bred, or *Nilus*; I am hell,
Till you my dear Lord, ſhoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveneſs; I am ſoul-ſick,
And whether with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon. *Amint.* Riſe *Evadne*.
Thoſe heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it; I forgive thee;
Make my ſelf worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Evadne* this be ſerious;
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their Juſtice
To all enſuing eyes, if thou plai'ſt

With thy repentance, the beſt ſacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to winbelief,
My life hath been ſo faithleſs; all the Creatures
Made for Heavens honours have their ends, and good ones,
All but the Couſening *Crocodiles*, falſe women;
They reign here like thoſe plagues, thoſe killing ſores
Men pray againſt; and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they paſs away,
And go to duſt forgotten: But my Lord,
Thoſe ſhort dayes I ſhall number to my reſt,
(As many muſt not ſeeme) ſhall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive I will,
Since I can do no good, becauſe a woman,
Reach conſtantly at ſome thing that is near it;
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niobe*, Ile weep till I am water.

Amin. I am now diſſolved:
My frozen ſoul melts: may each ſin thou haſt,
Find a new mercy: Riſe, I am at peace:
Hadſt thou been thus excellently good,
Before that Devil King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadſt made a Star; give me thy hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave be thy *Amintor*.
When we meet next, I will ſalute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy dayes;
My charitie ſhall go along with thee,
Though my embraces muſt be far from thee.
I ſhould ha'kild thee, but this ſweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance, for which thus I kiſs thee,
The laſt kiſs we muſt take; and would to heaven
The holy Prieſt that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal Vertues; go *Evadne*,
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My honour falls no further, I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joyes here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair ſoul; thus I take leave my Lord,
And never ſhall you ſee the foule *Evadne*
Till ſh'ave tried all honoured means that may

Set her in reſt, and waſh her ſtains away. *Exeunt.*

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. *Hoboyes play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I ſhould credit this
From you that are his enemy.

Cal. I am ſure he ſaid it to me, and ile juſtifie it
What way he dares oppoſe, but with my ſword.

King. But he did break without all circumſtance
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then eſcape?

Cal. If he denie it, Ile make him bluſh.

King. It ſounds incredibly.

Cal. I, ſo does every thing I ſay of late.

King. Not ſo *Calianax.* *Cal.* Yes I ſhould ſit
Mute, whilſt a rogue with ſtrong arms cuts your throat

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
Ile pawn my life ile find it; if't be falſe,
And that you clothe your hate in ſuch a lie,
You ſhall hereafter doat in your own houſe, not in the Court.

Cal. Why if it be a lie,
Mine ears are falſe; for ile be ſworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing; you were beſt
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it, you would a truſted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King. And will ſtill where I may do with juſtice to the world;
You have no witneſs. *Cal.* Yes, my ſelf.

King. No more I mean there were that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you have no more? why am not
I enough to hang a thouſand Rogues?

King. But ſo you may hang honeſt men too if you pleaſe.

Kal. I may, 'tis like I will do ſo; there are a hundred will ſwear it
for a need to, if I ſay it. *King.* Such witneſſes we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my word cannot hang a boiſterous knave.

King. Enough; where's *Strato? Stra.* Sir! *Enter Strato.*

King. Why, where's all the company? call *Amintor* in.
Evadne, where's my brother, and *Melantius?*
Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*; call all *Exit Strato.*
That are without there; if he ſhould deſire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our Laws to hinder it, unleſs we mean to quit 'em.

Cal. Why if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a Counſellor,
To fight for what he ſayes, then you may grant it.
Enter Amin. Evad. Mel. Diph. Lipſi. Cle. Stra. Diag.
King. Come ſirs, *Amintor* thou art yet a Bridegroom
And I will uſe thee ſo; thou ſhalt ſit down;
Evadne ſit, and you *Amintor* too;
This banquet is for you ſir: Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raiſe laughter
Amongſt our Wine? Why *Strato* where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unſeaſonably
When I deſire them not.
Stato. 'Tis my ill luck ſir, ſo to ſpend them then.
King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantius*, thou art ſad.
Amin. I ſhould be ſir the merrieſt here,
But I ha nere a ſtory of mine own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now conſidering
How eaſie 'twere for any man to truſt
To poyſon one of us in ſuch a boule.
Mel. I think it were not hard ſir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I faith 'twere eaſie, it becomes us well
To get plain dealing men about our ſelves,
Such as you all are here; *Amintor*, to thee
And to thy fair *Evadne*.
Mel. Have you thought of this *Calianax?* *aſide.*
Cal. Yes marry have *I.* *Mel.* And what's your reſolution?
Cal. Ye ſhall have it ſoundly?
King. Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato.* *Amin.* Here my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will ſet
Bluſhes upon thy cheeks, and till thou doſt a fault, 'twere pittie.
King. Yet *I* wonder much
Of the ſtrange deſperation of theſe men,
That dare attempt ſuch acts here in our ſtate;
He could not eſcape that did it.
Mel. Were he known, unpoſſible.
King. It would be known, *Melantius.*
Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away

He muſt wear all our lives upon his ſword,
He need not flie the Iſland, he muſt leave no one alive.
King. No, I ſhould think no man
Could kill me and ſcape clear, but that old man.
Cal But I? heaven bleſs me; I, ſhould I my Liege!
King. I doe not think thou wouldſt, but yet thou might'ſt,
For thou haſt in thy hands the means to ſcape
By keeping of the Fort; he has *Melantius*, and he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs Sir,
'Tis clean ſwept; I can find no other art
In keeping of it now, 'twas here beſieg'd ſince he commanded.
Cal. I ſhall be ſure of your good word,
But I have kept it ſafe from ſuch as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in
I ſpeak no malice; had my brother kept it I ſhould ha ſed as much.
King. You are not merry, brother; drink wine,
Sit you al ſtill! *Calianax*, *aſide*
I cannot truſt *thus*; *I* have thrown out words
That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd, he knows no ſuch thing.
Cal. Impudence may ſcape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.
King. A muſt, if he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whiſper, whilſt we point at him,
You ſee he does not. *Cal.* Let him hang himſelfe,
What care *I* what he does; this he did ſay.
King. *Melantius*, you cannot eaſily conceive
What *I* have meant; for men that are in fault
Can ſubtly apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amiſs; but *I* forgive
Freely before this man; heaven do ſo too;
I will not touch the ſo much as with ſhame
Of telling it, ſet it be ſo no more.
Cal. Why this is very fine. *Mel.* *I* cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but *I* am apt enough
Rudely to thruſt into ignorant fault,
But let me know it; happily 'tis naught
But miſconſtruction, and where *I* am clear
I will not take forgiveneſs of the Gods, much leſs of you.
King. Nay if you ſtand ſo ſtiffe, *I* ſhall call back my mercy.
Mel. *I* want ſmoothneſs

To thank a man for pardoning of a crime I never knew.

King. Not to inſtruct your knowledge, but to ſhew you my ears are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the Fort to ſcape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir; my bluntneſs will be pardoned;
You preſerve
A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters and talkers, to defame the worth
Of thoſe that do things worthy; the man that uttered this
Had periſht without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arm that ſenſt him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainneſs of my nature would ſpeak more;
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that ſpake this.

Cal. I that will be end of all,
Then I am fairly paid for all my care and ſervice.

Mel. That old man who cals me enemy, and of whom *I*
(Though *I* will never match my hate ſo low)
Have no good thought, would yet *I* think excuſe me,
And ſwear he thought me wrongd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou ſhameleſs fellow! didſt thou not ſpeak to me of it thy ſelf?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me! who ſhould it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, *I* believe your malice is enough,
But *I* ha loſt my anger. Sir, *I* hope you are well ſatisfied.

King. Liſip. Chear *Aminter* and his Lady; there's no ſound Come from you; *I* will come and do't my ſelf.

Amint. You have done already Sir for me, *I* thank you.

King. Melantius, *I* do credit this from him,
How ſlight ſo ere you mak't.

Cal. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould.

Mel. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould believe an old mans word,
That never lied in his life.

Mel. *I* talk not to thee;
Shall the wild words of this diſtempered man,
Frantick with age and ſorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Majeſtie and me? 'twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him
As much, at leaſt, as *I* have power to beat.

But pardon me, whilſt *I* ſpeak only truth,
I may commend my ſelf------ *I* have beſtow'd
My careleſs blood with you, and ſhould be loth
To think an action that would make me looſe
That, and my thanks too: when *I* was a boy,
I thruſt my ſelf into my Countries cauſe,
And did a deed that pluckt five years from time
And ſtil'd me man then; And for you my King,
Your ſubjects all have fed by vertue of my arm.
This ſword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your ſelf have liv'd at home in eaſe:
So terrible I grew, that without ſwords
My name hath fetcht you conqueſt, and my heart
And limbs are ſtill the ſame; my will is great
To do you ſervice: let me not be paid
With ſuch a ſtrange diſtruſt.

King. *Melantius*, I held it great injuſtice to believe
Thine enemie, and did not; if I did,
I do not, let that ſatisfie: what ſtruck
With ſadneſs all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words have overthrown my truth:
A th'art a Villain.

Mel. Why thou wert let me have the Fort,
Dotard, I will diſgrace thee thus for ever; *aſide.*
There ſhall no credit lie upon thy words;
Think better and belive it.

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now agen to do it; ſpeak,
Denie it if thou canſt; example him
Whilſt he's hot, for he'l cool agen, he will forſwear it.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melantius.*

Mel. He hath loſt himſelf
Much ſince his daughter miſt the happineſs
My ſiſter gain'd; and though he call me Foe, I pittie him.

Cal. Pittie! a pox upon you.

King Mark his diſordered words, and at the Maſk:

Mel. *Diagoras* knows he raged, and rail'd at me,
And cal'd a Lady Whore, ſo innocent
She underſtood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive diſtraction,

Pardon him as I do.

Cal. Ile not ſpeak for thee, for all thy cunning; If you will be ſafe chop off his head, for there was never known ſo impudent a Raſcal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed: why, pittie ſhould not let age make it ſelf contemptible; we muſt be all old, have him way.

Mel. Calianax, the King believes you; come you ſhall goe
Home and reſt; you ha done well; you'l give it up
When I has us'd you thus a moneth I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me ſtill;
He ſaies he knows Ile give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me this month: I am ma'd,
Am I not ſtill? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I ſhall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you truſt a ſturdy fellow there
(That has no vertue in him, all's in his ſword)
Before me? do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an Aſſe, and I am a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you uſe me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis we *Calianax*; but if you uſe
This once, agen, I ſhall intreat ſome other
To ſee your offices be well diſcharg'd
Be merry Gentlemen, it grows ſomewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldſt be abed agen. *Amin.* Yes Sir.

King. And you *Evadne* let me take theein my arms, *Melantius*, and believe thou art as thou deſerveſt to be, my friend ſtill, and for ever. Good *Calianax*,
Sleep ſoundly, it will bring thee to thy ſelf.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. and Cal.

Cal. Sleep ſoundly! I ſleep ſoundly now I hope,
I could not be thus elſe. How dar'ſt thou ſtay
Alone with me, knowing how thou haſt uſed me?

Mel. You cannot blaſt me with your tongue
And that's the ſtrongeſt part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for ſome great puniſhment for this,
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And tak't unkindly that mine enemy
Should uſe me ſo extraordinarily ſcurvily.

Mel. I ſhall melt too, if you begin to take

Unkindneſſes; *I* never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me agen; thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt? diſgrace me with the King;
Loſe all my Offices? this is no hurt.
Is it? *I* prethee what doſt thou call hurt?

Mel. To poyſon men becauſe they love me not;
To call the credit of mens wives in queſtion;
To murder children betwixt me and land; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'ſt is ſport;
For mine is worſe; but uſe thy will with me;
For betwixt griefe and anger *I* could cry.

Mel. Be wiſe then, and be ſafe; thou mayeſt revenge.

Cal. *I* oth' King; *I* would revenge of thee,

Mel. That you muſt plot your ſelfe.

Cal. I am a fine Plotter.

Mel. The ſhort is, *I* will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peeviſhneſs
And thy diſgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
Ile take thiy trembling body in my arms
And bear thee over dangers; thou ſhalt hold thy wonted ſtate.

Cal. If *I* ſhould tell the King, canſt thou deny't agen?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canſt bring any thing about;
Thou ſhalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand ſhall right us both; give me thy aged breaſt
to compaſs.

Cha. Nay *I* doe not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee;
And if *I* thought it were a courteſie,
Thou ſhould'ſt not have it; but *I* am diſgrac'd;
My Offices are to be tain away;
And if *I* did but hold this Fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are ſo ſtrangely carried;
Nere thank me for't; but yet the King ſhall know
There was ſome ſuch thing in't *I* told him of:
And that *I* was an honeſt man.

Mel. Hee'l buy that knowledge very dearlie: *Enter Diphilus.*
What newes with thee? *Diph.*

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in;
The King hath ſent for her.
Mel. She ſhall perform it then; go 'Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthie friend,
The Fort; he'l give it thee.
Diph. Ha you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the ſame breed? canſt thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence as great as his.
Cal. Faith like enough.
Mel. Away and uſe him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole ſtrain: if thou follow me a great way off, Ile give thee up the Fort; and hang your ſelves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought. *Exeunt Cal. Diph.*
Mel. This is a night in ſpight of Aſtronomers
To do the deed in; I will waſh the ſtain
That reſts upon our houſe, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius*, now aſſiſt me if thou beeſt
That which thou ſayſt, aſſiſt me; I have loſt
All my diſtempers, and have found a rage ſo pleaſing; help me.
Mel. Who can ſee him thus,
And not ſwear vengeance? What's the matter friend?
Amint. Out with thy ſword; and hand in hand with me
Ruſh to the Chamber of this hated King,
And ſink him with the weight of all his ſins to hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a raſh attempt,
Not to be done with ſafetie; let your reaſon
Plot your revenge, and not your paſſion.
Amint. If thou refuſed me in theſe extreams,
Thou art no friend: he ſent for her to me;
By Heaven to me; my ſelf; and I muſt tell ye
I love her as a ſtranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, *Melantius*;
And ſhe repents. Ile do't my ſelf alone,
Though I be ſlain. Farewell.
Mel. He'l overthrow my whole deſign with madneſs:
Amintor, think what thou doſt; I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,

With

VVith whom thou fighteſt; I know he's honeſt; *Aſide.*
And this will work with him.

Amin. I cannot tell
VVhat thou haſt ſaid; but thou haſt charm'd my ſword
Out of my hand, and left me ſhaking here defenceleſs.

Mel. I will take it for thee.

Amin. VVhat a wild beaſt is uncollected man!
The thing that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong unto ſin, and yet it ſelf is nothing.

Mel. Alas how variable are thy thoughts?

Amin. Juſt like my fortunes; I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.
Some plot I did diſtruſt thou hadſt againſt the King
By that old fellowes carriage; but take heed;
There is not the leaſt limb growing to a King
But carries thunder in it.

Mel. I have none againſt him.

Amin. VVhy? come then, and ſtill remember we may not think revenge.

Mel. I remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Evadne and a Gentleman.

EVAD. Sir, is the King a bed?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago,

Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be neer;
'Tis the Kings pleaſure:

Gent. I underſtand you Madam, would t'were mine,
I muſt not wiſh good reſt unto your Ladyſhip.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do Madam; but the King will wake, and then.

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and along one Madam;
I am gone

Evad. The night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpoſe; O the conſcience *King abed*

Of a ſoft Virgin; whether wilt thou pull me?
To what things diſmal, as the depth of Hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? let no man dare
From this hour be diſloyal; if her heart
Be fleſh, if ſhe have blood, and can fear, 'tis a daring
Above that deſperate fool that left his peace,
And went to ſea to fight; 'tis ſo many ſins
An age cannot prevent 'em; and ſo great,
The gods want mercy for; yet I muſt through 'em.
I have begun a ſlaughter on my honour,
And I muſt end it there; a ſleeps, good heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beaſt
That hath ſo long tranſgreſſed you? I muſt kill him,
I will do't bravely; the meer joy
Tells me I merit in it; yet I muſt not
Thus tamely do it as he ſleeps; that were
To rock him to another world; my vengance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and puniſhment
Ile ſhake his ſins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his ſick conſcience;
And then Ile ſtrike him dead: King, by your leave; *Ties his armes to the bed.*
I dare not truſt your ſtrength; your grace and I
Muſt grapple upon even termes no more;
So, if he raile me not from my reſolution,
I ſhall be ſtrong enough.
My Lord the King, my Lord, aſleeps
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord;
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

King. Who's that?

Evad. O you ſleep ſoundly Sir!

King. My dear *Evadne*,
I have been dreaming of thee; come to bed:

Evad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this *Evadne*?
What do you tie me to you by my love?
This is a quaint one: come my dear and kiſs me;
Ile be thy *Mars* to bed my Queen of Love;
Let us be caught together, that the Gods may ſee,
And envy our embraces.

Evad.

Evad. Say Sir, ſtay;
You are to hot, and I have brought you Phiſick
To temper your high veins.
King. Prethee to bed then; let me take it warme,
There you ſhall know the ſtate of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a ſurfeited foul body,
And you muſt bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. I, you ſhall bleed; lie ſtill, and if the Divel,
Your luſt will give you leave, repent; this ſteel
Comes to redeem the honour that you ſtole
King, my fair name, which nothing but thy death
Can anſwer to the world.
King. How's this *Evadne*?
Evad. I am not ſhe, nor bear I in this breſt
So much cold ſpirit to be cal'd a woman;
I am a Tyger; I am any thing
That knowes not pitty; ſtir not; if thou doſt,
Ile take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy ſins look double, and ſo ſend thee
(By my revenge I will) to look thoſe torments
Prepar'd for ſuch black ſouls.
King. Thou doſt not mean this; 'tis impoſſible;
Thou art too ſweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not;
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many ſuch hels here: I was once fair;
Once I was lovely; not a blowing roſe
More chaſtly ſweet, till thou, thou thou, foule canker,
(Stir not) didſt poyſon me: I was a world of vertue,
Till your curſt Court and you (Hell bleſs you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.
King. No.
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not.
I prethee ſpeak not theſe things? thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
To thoſe above us; by whoſe lights I vow,
Theſe bleſſed fires that ſhot to ſee our ſin,
If thy hot ſoul had ſubſtance with thy blood,
I would kill that too, which being paſt my ſteel,
My tongue ſhall teach: Thou art a ſhamleſs villain,
A thing out of the overchange of nature;
Sent like a thick cloud to diſperſe a plague
Upon weak catching women; ſuch a Tyrant
That for his luſt would ſell away his ſubjects,
I, all his heaven hereafter.

King. Here *Evadne.*

Thou ſoul of ſweetneſs! hear, I am thy King.

Evad. Thou art my ſhame; lie ſtill, there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promiſes of ſafety
Are but deluding dreams; thus thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance. *Stabs him.*

King. Hold *Evadne!*
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean Sir,
To part ſo fairly with you; we muſt change
More of theſe love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provok't thee to this murther?

Evad. Thou, thou monſter.

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kepſt me brave at Court, and whor'd me;
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman; King.
And whor'd me ſtill.

King. *Evadne*, pitty me.

Evad. Hell take me then; this for my Lord *Aminter*;
This for my noble Brother; and this ſtroke
For the moſt wrong'd of women. *Kills him.*

King. Oh I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together; I forgive thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now ſhe's gone, let's enter, the King expects it, and will be angry,

2. 'Tis a fine wench, weel have a ſnap at her one of theſe nights as ſhe goes from him.

1. Con-

1. Content: how quickly he had done with her! I see Kings can do more that way then other mortal people,

2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breath.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or he looks very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heaven he be well.

Lets look: Alas he's stiff, wounded and dead:
Treason, treason!

1. Run forth and call. *Exit Gent.*

2. Treason, treason!

1. This will be laid on us: who can belive
A woman could do this?

Enter Cleon and Lysippus.

Cleon. How now wher's the Traytor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.

Cle. Her act! a woman!

Lys. Wher's the body?

1. There.

Lys. Farwel thou worthy man there were two bonds
That tyed our loves, a brother and a King,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me.
Sirs, which way went she? *Enter Strato.*

Strato. Never follow her,
For she alas was but the Instrument.
News is now brought in, that *Melantius*
Has got the fort and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocent of this act,

Lis. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Stra. We do acknowledge it.

Lis. I would I were not: follow all; for this must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt.*

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the Wall.

Mel. If the dull people can believe that I am arm'd,
Be constant *Diphilus*; now we have time,
Either bring our banisht honours home,

Or

Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My ſpirit lies not that way. Courrage *Calianax.*
Cal. Would I had any, you ſhould quickly know it.
Mel. ſpeak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows;
You were born to be my end; the Divel take you.
Now muſt I hang for company; 'tis ſtrange
I ſhould be old, and neither wiſe nor valiant.
Enter Liſip. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.
Liſ. See where he ſtands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.
Strut. He looks as if he had the better cauſe; Sir,
Under your gratious pardon let me ſpeake it;
Though he be mighty-ſpirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger,
Worſe men ſhake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on then ſought; his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lyſ. 'Tis my fear too;
Heaven forgive all, ſummon him Lord *Cleon.*
Cleon. Ho from the walls there.
Mel. Worthy *Cleon,* welcome;
We could have wiſht you here Lord; you are honeſt.
Cal. Wel, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee ſo. *aſide.*
Liſ. Melantius!
Mel Sir.
Liſ. I am ſorry we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd ſuch diſtance; pray heaven
You have not left your ſelf, and ſought this ſafty
More out of fear than honour; you have loſt
A noble Maſter, which your faith *Melantius,*
Some think might have preſerv'd; yet you know beſt
Cal. When time was I was mad; ſome that dares
Fight I hope will pay this raſcal.
Mel. Royal young man whoſe tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been ſhed for a deſerving one,
They had been laſting monuments. Thy brother

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt he was good, I call'd him King and ſerv'd him
With that ſtrong faith, that moſt unwearied valour;
Pull'd people from the farthest Sun to ſeek him;
And by his friendſhip, I was then his ſouldier;
But ſince his hot pride drew him to diſgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his luſt,
(That never cur'd diſhonour of my ſiſter,
Baſe ſtain of whore, and which is worſe,
The joy to mak it ſtill ſo) like my ſelf;
Thus have I flung him off with my allegeance,
And ſtand here mine own juſtice to revenge
What I have ſuffered in him; and this old man
Wrong'd almoſt to lanacy.

Cal. Who I? you wud draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I diſclaime ye all.

Mel. The ſhort is this,
'Tis no ambition to lift up my ſelf,
Urgeth me thus; I do deſire again
To be a ſubject, ſo I may be freed
If not, I know my ſtrength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be ſpeedy, and be wiſe, in a reply.

Strat. Be ſudden Sir to tie
All again; what's done is paſt recal,
And paſt you to revenge; and there are thouſands
That wait for ſuch a troubled hour as this;
Throw him the blank.

Lif. *Melantius*, write in that thy choice;
My ſeal is at it.

Mel. It was our honour drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we wil only work our pardon.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You diſclaim'd us but now *Calianax*.

Cal. Thats all one;
Ile not be hang'd hereafter by a trick;
Ile have it in.

Mel. You ſhall, you ſhall:
Come to the back gate, and weel call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

Lif. Away, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

Enter Aſpatia in mans apparel.

Aſp. This is my fatal hour; heaven may forgive
My raſh attempt, that cauſeleſly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me reſt;
And put womans heart into my breſt;
It is more honour for you that I die;
For ſhe that can endure the miſery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
God ſave you Sir.

Ser. And you Sir what's your buſineſs?

Aſp. With you Sir; now, to do me the office
To help me to your Lord.

Ser. What, would you ſerve him?

Aſp. Ile do him any ſervice; but to haſte,
For my affairs are earneſt, I deſire to ſpeak with him.

Ser. Sir, Becauſe you are in ſuch haſte, I would be loth delay you any longer: you cannot.

Aſp. It ſhall become you though to tell your Lord.

Ser. Sir, he will ſpeak with no body.

Aſp. This is moſt ſtrange: art thou gold proof? there's for thee; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile do my beſt. *Exit.*

Aſp. How ſtubbornly this fellow anſwer'd me;
There is a vile diſhoneſt trick in man,
More then in woman: all the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harſh and rude,
And have a ſubtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the eaſieſt and ſmootheſt thoughts,
And think all ſhall go ſo; it is unjuſt
That men and women ſhould be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Where is he!

Ser. There my Lord.

Amin. What would you Sir?

Aſp. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip to command your man
Out of the room; I ſhall deliver things

Worthy

Worthy your hearing.

Amint. Leave us.

Aſp. O that ſhape ſhould bury falſhood in it. *Aſide.*

Amin. Now your will Sir.

Aſp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs muſt gueſs
My buſineſs; and I am not hard to know;
For till the change of war mark'd this ſmooth face
With theſe few blemiſhes, people would call me
My ſiſters picture, and her mine; in ſhort,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aſpatia.*

Amint. The vvrong'd *Aſpatia*; vvould thou vvert ſo too
Unto the vvrong'd *Amintor*; let Me kiſs
That hand of thine in honour that I bear
Unto the vvrong'd *Aſpatia:* here I ſtand
That did it; vvould he could not; gentle youth,
Leave me, for there is ſomething in thy looks
That calls my ſins in a moſt hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Aſp. I vvould I could vvith credit:
Since *I* vvas tvvelve years old *I* had not ſeen
My ſiſter till this houre; *I* novv arriv'd;
She ſent for me to ſee her marriage,
A vvoful one; but they that are above,
Have ends in every thing; ſhe uſ'd fevv vvords,
But yet enough to make me underſtand
The baſeneſs of the injurie you did her;
That little training *I* have had, is vvar;
I may behave my ſelfe rudely in peace;
I vvould not though; I ſhall not need to tell you
I am but young; and you vvould be loth to loſe
Honour that is not eaſily gain'd again:
Fairly I mean to deal; the age is ſtrict
For ſingle combats; and we ſhall be ſtopt
If it be publiſh't; if you like your ſvvord,
Uſe it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beeſt ſuch, think not *I* vvill maintain

So ſtrange a wrong; and for thy ſiſters ſake,
Know that I could not think that deſperate thing
I durſt not do; yet to enjoy this world
I would not ſee her; for beholding thee,
I am I know not what; If I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone;
For death is not ſo terrible as thou;
Thine eyes ſhoot guilt into me.

Aſp. Thus ſhe ſwore
Thou would'ſt behave thy ſelf, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes, and ſo
Thou doſt indeed; but yet ſhe bade me watch,
Leſt I were conſen'd, and be ſure to fight ere I return'd.

Amin. That muſt not be with me;
For her Ile die directly, but againſt her will never hazard it.

Aſp. You muſt be urg'd; I do not deal uncivilly with thoſe that
Dare to fight; but ſuch a one as you
Muſt be us'd thus. *She ſtrikes him.*

Amin. Prethee youth take heed;
Thy ſiſter is a thing to me ſo much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this; good gods——a blow I can endure;
But ſtay not, leſt thou draw a timely death upon thy ſelf.

Aſp. Thou art ſome prating fellow,
One that has ſtudied out a trick to talk
And move ſoft hearted people; to be kickt, *She kicks him.*
Thus to be kickt ————why ſhould he be ſo ſlow *aſide.*
In giving me my death? *Amin.* A man can bear
No more and keep his fleſh; forgive me then;
I would endure yet if I could; now ſhew
The ſpirit thou pretendeſt, and underſtand
Thou haſt no honour to live: *They fight.*
What doſt thou mean? thou canſt not fight:
The blows thou mak'ſt at me are quite beſides;
And thoſe I offer at thee, thou ſpread'ſt thine arms,
And tak'ſt upon thy breaſt, alas defenceleſs.

Aſp. I have got enough,
And my deſire; ther's no place ſo fit for me to die as here.

Evad. Amintor; I am loaden with events *Enter Evadne.*
That flie to make thee happy; I have joyes

That

That in a moment can cal back thy wrongs,
And ſettle thee in thy free ſtate again;
It is *Evadne* ſtill that follows thee, but not her miſcheifs.
Her hands bloody with a knife.

Amin. Thou canſt not fool me to believe agen?
But thou haſt looks and things ſo full of newes that I am ſtaid.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put of thy amaze;
Let thine eyes looſe, and ſpeak Am I not fair?
Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with theſe rites now?
Were thoſe hours half ſo lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foule within to look fair then;
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is preſage of ſome important thing
About thee, which it ſeems thy tongue hath loſt:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou haſt a knife.

Evad. In this conſiſts thy happineſs and mine;
Joy to *Amintor*, for the King is dead.

Amin. Thoſe have moſt power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our ſleeping lives within their arms.
Why? thou haſt rais'd up miſcheif to this height,
And found out one to out-name thy other faults;
Thou haſt no intermiſſion of thy ſins,
But all thy life is a continual ill;
Black is thy colour now, diſeaſe thy nature.
Joy to *Amintor*! thou haſt touch't a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildeſt wrongs.

Evad. 'tis done; and ſince I could not find a way
To meet thy Love ſo clear, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Could'ſt thou procure the Gods to ſpeak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I ſhould fall out with them; behold
Here lies a youth whoſe wounds bleed in my breſt,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my ſlow hand: and to augment my woe,
You now are preſent ſtaind with a Kings blood
Violently ſhed; this keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderneſs about me.

Aſp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more perſue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.
Amin. Forbear be wiſe, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would ſtay, not it.
Amin. Take heed, it will return with me.
Evad. If it muſt be, I ſhall not fear to meet it; take me home.
Amin. Thou monſter of cruelty, forbear.
Evad. For heavens ſake look more calm;
Thine eyes are ſharper then thou canſt make thy ſword.
Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worſe than ſick to ſee knees follow me
For that I muſt grant; for heavens ſake ſtand.
Evad. Receive me then.
Amin. I dare not ſtay thy language;
In midſt of all my anger and my grief,
Thou doeſt awake ſomething that troubles me,
And ſaies I lov'd thee once; I dare not ſtay;
There is no end of womens reaſoning. *leaves her.*
Evad. *Amintor*, thou ſhalt love me once again;
Go, I am calme; farewell; and peace for ever.
Evadne. whom thou hat'ſt will die for thee. *Kills her ſelf*
Amin. I have a little humane nature yet
Thats left for thee, that bids me ſtay thy hand. *Returns*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but came too late;
Oh I am loſt! the heavy ſleep makes haſte. *She dies.*
Aſpa. Oh, oh oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood;
My ſoul grows weary of her houſe, and I
All over am a trouble to my ſelf;
There is ſome hidden power in theſe dead things
That calls my fleſh into'em; I am cold;
Be reſolute and bear'em company;
There's ſomething yet which I am loath to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring, and yet would it were done;
I can find nothing in the whole diſcourſe
Of death, I durſt not meet the boldeſt way;
Yet ſtill! betwixt the reaſon and the act,
The wrong I to *Aſpatia* did, ſtands up;

I have

I have not ſuch a fault to anſwer;
Though ſhe may juſtly arm with ſcorn
And hate of me, my ſoul will part leſs troubled,
When *I* have paid to her in tears my ſorrow;
I will not leave this act unſatisfied,
If all thats left in me can anſwer it.

Aſp. Was it a dream? there ſtands *Amintor* ſtill;
Or I dream ſtill.

Amin. How doſt thou? ſpeak, receive my love, and help;
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery.

Aſp. Did you not name *Aſpatia*? *Amin.* I did

Aſp. And talkt of tears and ſorrow unto her.

Amin. 'Tis true, and till theſe happy ſigns in thee
Did ſtay my courſe, 'twas thither I was going.

Aſp. Th'art there already, and theſe wounds are hers:
Thoſe threats I brought with me, ſought not revenge,
But came to fetch this bleſſing from thy hand, I am *Aſpatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my ſoul ever look abroad agen?

Aſp. I ſhall live *Amintor*; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuſe thy loſs;
Come let me bear thee to ſome place of help.

Aſp. *Amintor* thou muſt ſtay, I muſt reſt here,
My ſtrength begins to diſobey my will.
How doſt thou my beſt ſoul? I would fain live,
Now if I could; would'ſt thou have loved me then?

Amin. Alas, all that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Aſpa. Give me thy hands, mine hand grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous ſick:
Have I thy hand *Amintor*?
Thou greateſt bleſſing of the world, thou haſt.

Aſp. I do believe thee better than my ſenſe.
Oh, I muſt go, farewel.

Amin. She ſwounds: *Aſpatia* help, for heavens ſake water;
Such as may chain life for ever to this frame.
Aſpatia, ſpeak: what no help? yet I fool,
Ile chafe her temples, yet theirs nothing ſtirs;
Some hidder Power tell her that *Amintor* calls,
And let her anſwer me: *Aſpatia*, ſpeak.

I have heard, if there be life, but bow
The body thus, and it will ſhew it ſelf.
Oh ſhe is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of juſtice we muſt challenge nothing;
Ile call it mercy if you'l pittie me,
You heavenly powers, and lend for ſome few years,
The bleſſed ſoul to this fair ſeat again.
No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.
Ile bow the body once again: *Aſpatia*!
The ſoul is fled for ever, and I wrong
My ſelf, ſo long to loſe her company.
Muſt I talk now? Here's to be with thee love. *Kills himſelfe*

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new King come to him; I muſt tell him, he is entring. O heaven help, help!

Enter Lyſip. Melant. Cal. Cleon. Diph. Strato.

Lyſ. Where's *Amintor*?

Strat. O there, there.

Lyſ. How ſtrange is this!

Cal. What ſhould we do here?

Mel. Theſe deaths are ſuch acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart diſſolves not. May I ſtand
Stiffe here for ever; eyes call up your tears:
This is *Amintor*: heart, he was my friend;
Melt now it flows; *Amintor*, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. *Melantius* calls his friend *Amintor*; oh thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue;
Speak, ſpeak.

Amin. What?

Mel. That litle word was worth all the ſounds
That ever I ſhall hear again.

Diph. O brother, here lies your ſiſter ſlain;
You loſe your ſelfe in ſorrow there.

Mel. Why *Diphilus*, it is
A thing to laugh at in reſpect of this;
Here was my ſiſter, Father, brother, ſon;
All that I had; ſpeak once again;
What youth lies ſlain there by thee?

Amin.

Amin. 'Tis *Aſpatia.*
My ſences fade, let me give up my ſoul
Into thy boſome.
Cal. What's that? what's that? *Aſpatia!*
Mel. I never did repent the greatneſs of my heart till now;
It will not burſt at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! and you have all fine new tricks
to grieve; but I nere knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.
Diph. Hold brother.
Lyſip. Stop him.
Diph. Fie; how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our ſtrain?
Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kind, and I am friends with you;
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly; but Ile go home, and live as long as I can.
Mel. His ſpirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon good enough
To ſtop my breath? or if you tie down thoſe,
I vow *Amintor* I will never eat,
Or drink, or ſleep, or have to doe with that
That may preſerve life; this I ſwear to keep.
Lyſip. Look to him tho, and bear thoſe bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: for on luſtful Kings
Unlookt for ſudden deaths from heaven are ſent;
But curſt is he that is their inſtrument.

FINIS.